Were Brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his Castle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heads, and mocke not flesh and blood;
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Tast griefe, need friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to mee, I am a King?

sit and omitted their present

Carl. My Lord, Wise-men ne're sit and waile their woes.
But presently preuent the waies to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
‡And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidst me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie,

faction

King. Thou hast sayd enough:
Besharew thee Coosin which didst lead me foorth

‡ omitted in the 5th edition.

Of

Of that sweet way I was
What say you now? W
By heauen Ile hate him
That bids me be of com
Goe to Flint Castle, th
A King woes slaue, shal
That power I haue; dis
To eare the Land that
For I haue none; let no
To alter this, for count

Aum. My Liege on

King. He does me
That wounds me with
Discharge my followe
From *Richards* night,

Enter Bull.

Bull. So that by th
The Welchmen are
Is gone to meete the
With some few priuat

North. The newes
Richard not farre fron

Yorke. It would be
To say, King *Richard*
When such a sacred

North. Your Gra

this Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath
He would haue bin
For taking so the he

Bul. Mistake not

Yorke. Take not
Least you mistake t

Bul. I know it V
Against their wille
Welcome *Harry*: V

Hen. Per. The
Against thy entranc

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